

# SATURDAY GAZETTE, MARCH 14.

## WHO WILL WEAR THE PANTS.

Upon handing the pants to my husband that evening, I said nothing, but there was something in my manner which seemed to say, could a tailor do any better? He looked carefully for the mended tear and said "Well if it takes me so long to find it, it must be well done indeed; here it is, that can't be beat; But wife now who shall wear them?" He looked at me archly and left the room.

What does he mean thought I, what have I been doing that looks a bit like "Woman's rights"? No, that isn't it; he has had another talk with cousin Kate, she is so infatuated about "Woman's rights." I always think after one of those talks he loves his wife better. I guess he's hinting for a letter from me. We had not been separated a day in me, but we manage to write to each other every few weeks. The fact is although we have been married fifteen years, we somehow, in spite of business, household cases, and six children, find time to, some might say, court a little. When the anniversary days of engagement of marriage, of receptions, etc., come round, we look over our love correspondence together, and sometimes let the older children hear our talk of those dear old times. A letter is by no means a rare thing, and even a telegram now and then, from one or the other often relieves the monotony of business, and household cares and makes the duties of that day less wearisome; and in this way we keep our love just as fresh and warm as the first year or two of our married life. So this night I thought this gives me an opportunity to write to my husband; I'll pen a letter right away; he can read it to morrow when he takes his luncheon. I wrote thus.

Dear Husband:

Had I the pen of a ready writer, I would be tempted to write you an essay upon your comical question, "who shall wear the pants?" But that is not my forte, so I'll just give you a few thoughts which your question suggests. One is, that other than a man may wear them. Unseemly as the thought is, one is forced to believe there are women who either regret they were not made men, or else having been born women they wish to rectify the mistake by clamoring for certain rights which heretofore have been considered as belonging only to men. Suppose I ask you a question or two. There is Mrs. Starr. She evidently wishes to be considered the star of that house, if not the man. Mr. S. has a very quiet retired air, always lets her do the talking, or as two can't talk at once, and she talks all the time, what else can he do but be quiet. The children she considers hers. He is their father but that's nothing, any more than the respectability of it is concerned; they are taught to call him father of course, but she is the one to decide, control and direct their studies, profession, etc. The girls are all to be educated as strong minded women, to become members of the Sorosis, to go out as Lecturers, Doctors, Lawyers—whatever their bent inclines to. No one knows whether her husband ever had a wish gratified, for he has learned never to make one known. Should he venture to express himself emphatically upon any subject, such a twinkling from Madam and all the younger stars must lead him to sigh for those times of blissful ignorance when he used to be:

"Twinkle, twinkle little star  
How I wonder what you are."

It is rumored they once called together upon a neighbor. Mrs. S. knew the family, though he had not met them; but she didn't see fit to introduce him and he sat by himself most of the time reading when another person came in and introduced herself. A little boy of five years, whom they took with them, when asked his name the mother replied; he has none as yet; we don't name our children but wait till they are old enough to choose a name for themselves. The reply was noticeable from the fact she said we, the first time she had been known to speak in the plural with reference to any family matter. How much better would that family appear if the husband and wife should change places in regard to their manner! in other words who wears the "pants" in this family, Mr. or Mrs. Starr!

Then there is cousin Kate, a warm hearted generous woman, but she manages to make her home a very uncomfortable place. Her husband who is a well read intelligent man, has learned to possess himself in quietness at home. When away from it I know of no more agreeable talker than he. He is scolded and found fault with by his wife continually. Nothing he ever does seems to please her, no matter how hard he tries. The children too have caught her spirit and they scold too. He makes me think of old giant Antaeus who would let the pygmies creep upon him and prick him with their spears; after a while he would shake them off and laugh at them. So cousin Kate's husband lets her scold; sometimes he laughs, sometimes says nothing. She can talk by the hour of how men wrong women; how women have to submit to tyranny; how if women could assist in the making of laws what a different order of things there would be! I have yet to reach the time when she ever once did anything simply to please her husband or because it would make him happy. But she will go any distance to hear a woman speak upon these subjects so dear to her heart. Never mind if family duties are neglected, no matter whether her children learn household economy or not; there must be just so much said and talked, of the oppression women meets with and suffers from. We can easily imagine what kind of wives her daughters will make, their husbands will run the day they ever married them.

Does Kate or her husband wear the "pants"?

These are but two of a number I might mention of those who style themselves "woman's rights". They all seem to be grammar and faultfinders. They were not born

men, and therefore they must claim for certain rights men have. Their cry is "Let us vote; let us have a voice in our legislatures; let us help make laws and send the right kind of men to make them for us. We will submit no longer to taxation without representation." Says one "don't I own sixty acres of valuable land? am I going to be taxed sixty dollars for it without having a vote at the polls? No I'll resist it my property is exposed to a sheriff's sale." Others have voted and brought trouble upon themselves and the receivers of votes thereby.

Well, all this to me seems to be very unseemly in women, and when I know how unhappy this class of women make their husbands, and how many are either legally divorced, or have wilfully left their wives. What conclusions can be arrived at? Looking from my quiet home with a loving husband and sweet children, with thoughts and time all taken up with how to make them happy. With the desire simply to be queen in my own home, content with the homage of the dear little subjects God has given me to train for him; and make them true men and women. All this clamor and noise of Woman's rights, I cannot understand and have not the slightest sympathy with. It all seems wrong.

God has not blessed all women with families 'tis true, but every woman may ascertain her mission and find, too, some body's children to love and care for, if she feel inclined to let her better nature assert itself, and let love and benevolence fill her heart instead of grumbling and discontent. And let those discontented ones learn to "Look contentedly upon the scattered difference of things," and those among them who have children forget all this and "study to be quiet" and train their children as only true mothers can.

To me, woman on the rostrum, in the pulpit, at the polls, is woman an unmanly and is not a woman in the sphere her mother intended her for, is not letting, as Sir Thomas Brown says, "masculine and feminine accomplishments shine in their proper orbs and adorn their respective subjects." Well the world will jog along for all I've written, and there ever will be found some of these strong minded ones, but I'm satisfied, yes more, I rejoice and glory in the rights God has given me. In truth they are so numerous I tremble lest I be not able to fulfil them. I am content to be and act just here in this quiet home of ours, with loving hearts around me. I am happy to say dear husband the "Pants" are yours, just as they have been these fifteen years, and you shall wear them.

MAUD MANNING.

Canon Kingley is delivering his lecture on Westminster Abbey and "How and when the Norsemen discovered New England," in New York and Brooklyn.

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**D. R. W. E. BLAKENEY,**  
**SURGEON DENTIST**  
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**DARGELV—MASON.**—In New York, on Wednesday, 11th inst., by Rev. F. Hamlin, Bateman Dargelv, of Newark, N. J., to Miss Addie M. Mason, of New York.

**WILSON—SCOTT.**—At Bloomfield, March 4, by Rev. D. Keeney D. D.—Samuel Wilson & Fanny Scott,

**DIED.**  
HAIGHT.—At Montclair, Feb. 28th, Jacob J. Haught aged 84 years.

**FOLLEY.**—At Montclair, on Saturday, Feb. 7th, Melissa L. wife of William Folley and daughter of the late Deacon John H. and Lavina C. Clark, formerly of Brooklyn.

**MULLIGAN.**—At Montclair, on Feb. 6th, Margaret Mulligan, aged 70 years.

**DONELLY.**—At Bloomfield, Mar. 9th, John Donelly aged 26 years.

**LYON.**—At Bloomfield, Mar. 9th, of disease of the heart, Mary A., wife of Isaac Lyon, aged 38 years.

**DONEGAN.**—At Montclair, March 9th, Robert Donegan aged 48 years.

**MARRIED.**

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ROBERT M. HENNING.

Feb. 26 1874. Guardian.

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